

# DOES YOUR FACE TELL THE SECRET OF HOW LONG YOU WILL LIVE?

How are your ears placed? Are they low or high? This is an important matter in settling the question of longevity. If the extreme lower tips of the ear lobes are on a line with, or below, the level of the mouth you have a good chance to live one hundred years or more, provided three faculties are normally developed.

These are vitality, alimentiveness and amateness.

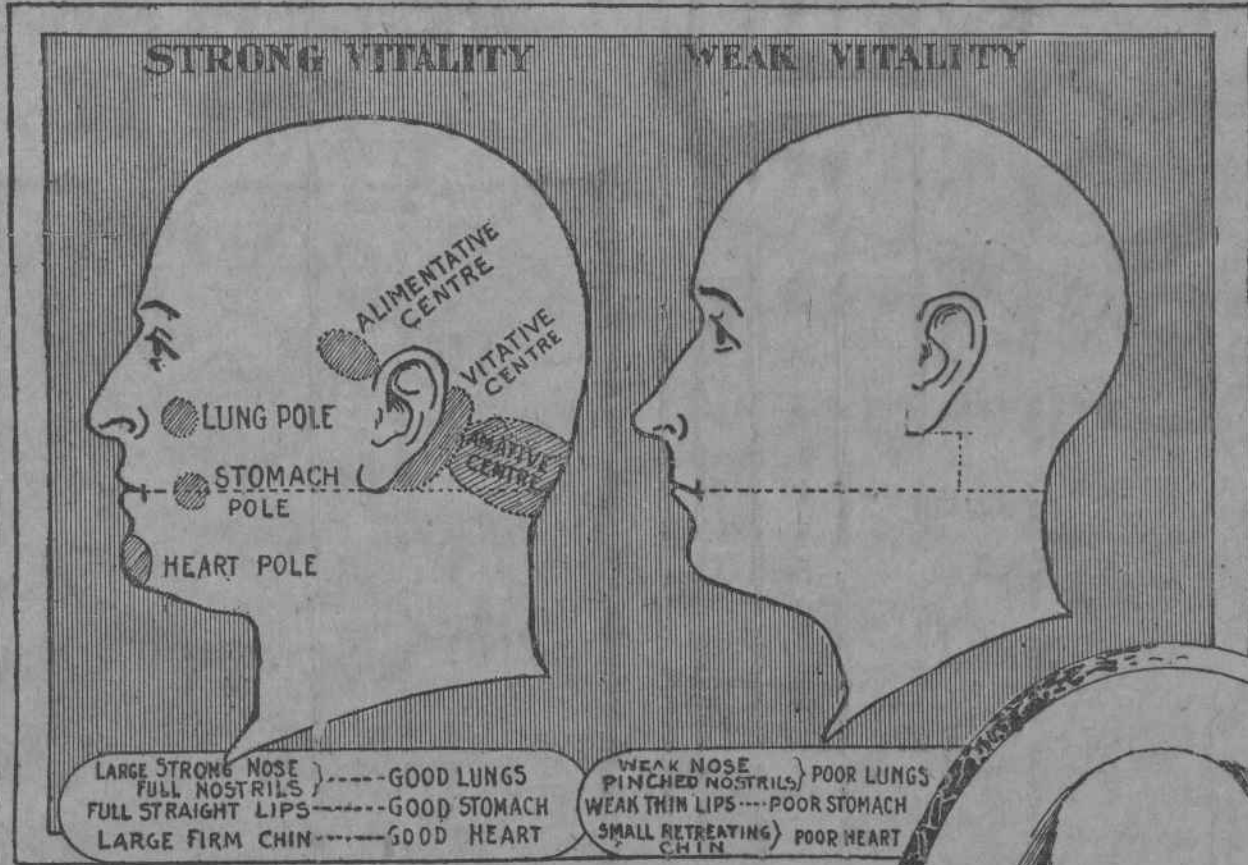
Thus says Professor L. A. Vaught, of Chicago, and he cites Gladstone, Bismarck and Queen Victoria as living illustrations of his theory. Shakespeare and Burns he uses as examples of early deaths foretold by opposite phenological conditions.

According to Professor Vaught, every human being is marked with unerring signs of long or short life, and he challenges the medical and scientific world to produce a natural exception to this theory. He goes even further and asserts that there is no man, woman or child in the world with a strong, vigorous body in whom the three faculties named are not fully and largely developed. In explanation of his theory, Professor Vaught says:

"This is a new proposition, but it is the result of long years of study and experiments. I have made my deductions from critical examinations of the heads and habits of countless living beings, from close inspection of the skulls of dead individuals whose histories were amply verified, and from daily observations of those people with whom I have been in constant contact. The result is I have acquired the power of telling accurately what a man's prospect of life is. This is not a gift of genius; any person of ordinary intelligence and phenological acquirement may master it."

"Longevity is primarily based upon three faculties of the mind. The mind has a vital side, by means of which it connects itself with the body. There is no other way for mind and matter to connect. These vital faculties connect with and are the direct result of the vital system. They have the potential power to build. They are called vitality, alimentiveness and amateness. These are always large in 'enduring animals. Physiologists say that the centres of respiration, circulation and digestion are in the medulla oblongata, but these are only sub-centres. Without the three vital faculties named there would be no inherent constitutional power to build a vital system, and hence it would not exist at all. There are outward, infallible signs of the extent and force of these vital faculties in every individual, and it is upon an observation of them that prediction of longevity or the reverse can be accurately made."

"One safe guide is in the position of the ear. Take any accurate picture of Bismarck, or Gladstone or Queen Victoria, or, better yet, send some capable agent to make personal examination and you will find the ears in each instance are placed



well down on the head on a line with the level of the mouth, and sometimes below it. The same is true of every sound, healthy human being of advanced years, and I have also found it to be a prominent characteristic in skulls furnished by reputable physicians and guaranteed to be those of persons of great age. Take pictures of Shakespeare, Robert Burns and other men of note who died in early life, and an opposite condition will be found. In every instance the ears were above the mouth line, frequently as high as the nose. Besides this feature their heads were narrow in and around the ears.

"Low ears indicate a strong faculty of vitality. This faculty governs the heart and circulation. Those who have it well developed have strong desire to live and cling tenaciously to life, and this in itself stimulates the heart to healthy effort."

"Amateness has its centre in the cerebellum. This is the mental faculty that gives us vitality, and so in its very fundamental nature it is an essence of vitality. Those who bear signs of strong amateness have large lungs, large necks and prominent indications at the base of the brain."

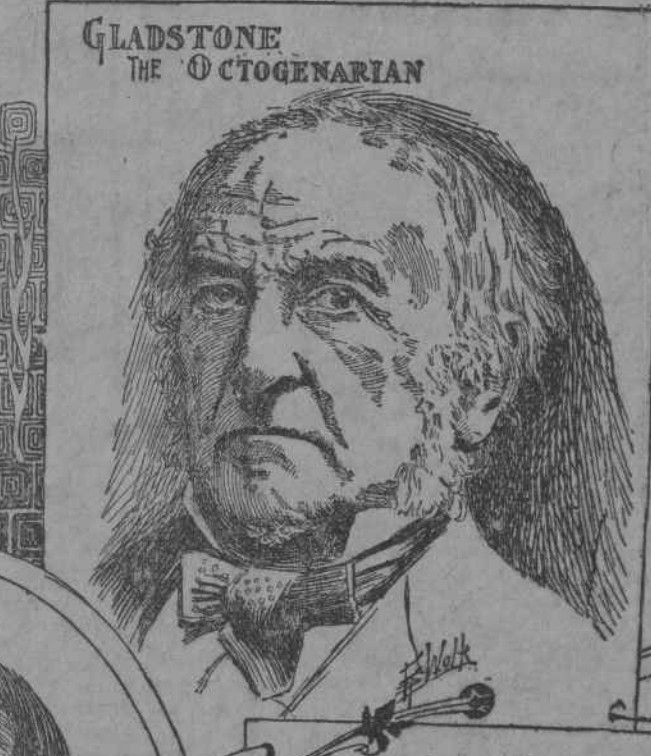
"Alimentiveness regulates the digestion. It is really the primary faculty of vitality."

for without a strong stomach to digest and assimilate food there can be no sustenance for other parts of the body. Its exterior indication is found just in front of the ears and near their top, where there should be an easily distinguishable convexity."

Facial expression also plays an important part in Professor Vaught's theory. He holds that a large, well-formed nose, with a corresponding fullness of the adjoining parts of the face, denotes a healthy condition of amateness. The mouth and lips are indicators of the alimentary system. If they are thin and pinched the necessary force to secure prolonged vitality is lacking. Prominent chins show vitality and give sign of satisfactory heart action, provided there is no interior organic trouble."

"William E. Gladstone," says Professor Vaught, "owes his long life principally to a strong inheritance of these three faculties and a normal or temperate use of them. His head and chin show a great degree of vitality. His nose and the upper third of his face show a strong and healthy faculty of amateness. His alimentiveness is large, but not large enough to lead him into excesses in eating and drinking as has been the case with so many of our statesmen."

"Another remarkable indication of lon-



JUST STUDY THESE VARIOUS HEADS TO LEARN THE SECRET OF LONG LIFE.

gevity he possesses is the remarkably low position of his ears. As a rule the lower the position of the ears the longer one will live. You will notice that the lower lobe of his ear is on a line with his mouth. Mr. Gladstone has a balanced body. What we mean by this is that he has the three natural systems of the body (the vital system, the motive system, the nervous system), in about an equal degree, which is the very best condition possible for health and longevity. This gives him a balanced brain and a balanced mind and great versatility of talent. He will be inclined, therefore, to use all of his forty-two mental faculties somewhat equally and harmoniously.

"Bismarck has almost the same requisites. The low position of his ears and the large anterior development of his chin indicate a strong faculty of vitality. He has large faculties of alimentiveness and amateness. In other words he has a large cerebellum and large temporal or middle lobes."

"Queen Victoria has two of the special requisites of vitality and longevity, to wit: alimentiveness and amateness. These give her great digestive vitality and reproductive power. You will notice, the facial indications of these in the fullness of upper and middle parts. She has not so much heart power, and if she had been compelled to make great physical efforts she could not have lived so long."

"The nature and subject of vitality is extremely practical. We not only understand it clearly, but we can use it just as practically. We can see the amount of vitality in any person from a study of the head. Therefore it is within the realm of any one to determine about how long their constitution will last; and in making any engagements, or forming any partnerships, based on length of life, etc., it can be done very scientifically in advance."

"I could so determine the amount of longevity in men and women that life insurance could be made positively certain. Every subject could be decided in advance as one who would live a certain number of years, provided that no special accidents are considered. All of this can be positively ascertained by means of a study or examination of the head."

"The centre of vitality is directly behind the ear. It is directly under the mastoid bones. This can be located very easily by an examination of any one's head immediately back of the ears. When the head is very broad here, and this bony process very prominent, tenacity of life, or great heart power, will be a positive fact. The cerebellum, or little brain, can be easily located by finding the occipital bone on the back-head; or, it can be almost exactly located by going directly backward from the orifice of each ear. This will almost exactly strike its center."

"So, if any one wants to find out the exact source of vitality, and the amount of vitality in a given subject, all he has to do is to closely locate these three organs, and ascertain how strongly developed they are."

## POPE'S GIFT TO MCKINLEY.

Pope Leo XIII. Admits the Public to One of the Most Historic Parts of the Vatican.

ROME, Oct. 28.—The Pope has just sent to Mr. McKinley a copy of the most magnificent publication which he has ever illustrated, a publication which he has caused to be made on all sovereigns and heads of states have at the same time received a copy of the book, but I may state that special interest was felt in sending the volume to the United States, since the excellence of American printing is unsurpassed in the world, and the Vatican is desirous of affording Americans a chance of seeing some of the best Italian work in that line.

This apartment has been for many years closed, and it is only the present Pope, Leo XIII., who has restored it and reopened it to the public. No American should visit Rome without seeing this building which is an artistic and historic treasure.

It is really a continuation of the Vatican Museum, composed of five large rooms in a single line, the entrance being by one single magnificent door in precious marble.

The first room is an enormous salon, which served as the model for the large hall of the chancelleries at the Palace of the Quirinal. In the corners and along the walls there are old-fashioned arms and chairs of the time of the Pope Alexander VI., a member of the Borgia family. The walls and the ceiling of this room, as of all the others, are covered with paintings of the school of the artist, Pinturicchio. In the second room there are benches carved in wood of a priceless value. In the third room is a masterpiece in wood and marble of a very great value, and an old-fashioned buffet with eight little majolica dishes. The value of these is almost beyond estimation. Elsewhere are scattered about objects of art, almost any one of which is sufficient to afford celebrity to a museum or a palace.

The room is called the Borgia apartment, because within it took place those historic events which rendered famous Pope Alexander VI., who has been called the Great Poisoner. In wickedness, however, his children, Caesar Borgia and Lucrezia Borgia, were worthy rivals. The eldest of his sons, the Duke of Cadix, was best loved of his father. On this account his brother Caesar stabbed him to death and threw him in the Tiber.

The end of Alexander VI. was worthy of him. One day he invited Cardinal Corneto to a banquet in order to poison him, according to tradition, when he would be able to sell the prelate's rank and position. Unfortunately, the usually trustworthy attendant, instead of giving the poisoned wine alone to Cardinal Corneto, accidentally landed it to the whole of the guests, who were thus all poisoned. The Pope died as well as his guests, with the exception of Cardinal Corneto and Caesar Borgia, who recovered after eight days' illness.

It was this Alexander VI. who caused to be burned alive the famous Fra Girolamo Savonarola. The tomb of the Pope is the Church of Monastero, at Rome. This church is now a Spanish place of worship. The Borgia apartment which was formerly the scene of so many crimes is today always full of visitors, for thousands of persons come from all parts of the world to see this celebrated spot which many Popes have done their best to hide from the public.

Leo XIII., however, was above the scruples of his predecessors, and the apartment was again opened. The book sent to President McKinley is an edition de luxe, fully illustrating the rooms and their contents and giving an accurate account of their historic interest.

Big Statue of Tubal Cain, the First Iron Worker.

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Big Statue of Tubal Cain, the First Iron Worker.

Tubal Cain, the original iron worker and blacksmith, is to be immortalized by a statue to be erected in the Ohio River, near Pittsburgh. This is a very appropriate site for such a structure, since Pittsburgh is the centre of an enormous industry which has sprung from Tubal Cain's humble craftsmanship. As told in Genesis, "And Zillah, she also bare Tubal Cain, an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron."

One of the designs submitted is by F. Mayer, sculptor of Allegheny, and shows a statue and pedestal conceived on the same general lines as those of the statue of Liberty in New York Harbor. The pedestal is sixty feet in height and built of steel. Standing on it is an heroic figure of Tubal Cain, forty feet in height. At his side is an anvil, and resting on this, and grasped in his hand, is a hammer. Tubal is partly nude, wearing from his waist to his knees an apron. In his uplifted hand he is holding a pair of pliers containing a piece of metal which he is in the act of tempering. The idea of the sculptor is to utilize the hand and pliers for a huge electric light beacon.

The erection of the statue will cost many thousands of dollars. Ironmen are said to be greatly interested in the project.

## How a Blind Man Saw the Journal Bulletins.

In the hundreds of thousands of feeting, crowding people who gathered in Madison square Tuesday night to read the Journal's electric bulletins that were flashed from dome and tower to all parts of New York, stood a tiny, old man and a youngster, perhaps ten years of age. They were a strange couple. The man was evidently there to satisfy his mind as to the strength of his favorite candidate for the Mayoralty, and the boy's duty was to lend him aid.

The first message returns that came into view did not seem to bother either the man or the boy, but presently there was a flash of light across the square, and the words, "Van Wyck has a pl-u-r-a-l-i-t-y 3-6-0-0-1-a-4-0-0 p-r-e-s-i-d-e-n-t," appeared on the screen. The boy read them aloud, but with no knowledge of what they meant from a political standpoint.

"Good," exclaimed the man, bending over to catch the boy's words. A round of cheers went up from the crowd, and the strange couple were pushed along in the surging mob. Another stream of light, followed instantly by these figures: "3-0-0-0 p-l-u-r-a-l-i-t-y M-a-n-h-a-t-t-a-n f-o-r V-a-n W-y-c-k."

In measured, and sometimes stumbling, tones the boy read the signals. The man seemed to anticipate him and nodded his head, approvingly. "Don't miss a thing, Jimmy," said he. "Keep your eyes open

and read everything about Van Wyck. What's that cheering I hear?" "That's the stuff," answered the man, chuckling to himself, and patting his youthful comrade on the back. "Say Jimmy, what's that I hear the newsboys yelling. S-s-s like 'Low is our next Mayor.' What does that mean?"

A newsboy thrust a paper into the face of the old man's associate and he read aloud: "Geth Low our next Mayor."

The feeble old fellow scowled and drew the boy closer to him as they hurried along in another direction whither they were borne by the throng.

For a time there was a lull in the bulletins, but presently they flashed out again and the crowd began to cheer until the sound rose to a pitch of the greatest excitement. Backward and forward moved the great sea of humanity, and the words "Van Wyck" seemed to come from all lips.

"Democratic ticket sweeping every precinct," read the boy again. "What's that, Jimmy?" inquired the old man, tugging at the youngster's arm. "Read that again."

"Democratic ticket sweeping every precinct," repeated the boy. "There's another, 'Van Wyck's plurality over Low estimated about 100,000.'"

Something between a snort of delight and an effort at cheering broke from the old man's lips. "That will do, Jimmy. We win out this time. Come, take me back."

The boy clutched the wrinkled hand tighter and slowly wended his way through the now almost uncontrollable mob. As the two came into the open of Twenty-third street, the boy looked back again and read in a distinct voice: "Van Wyck elected with entire Tammany ticket."

"There's his picture, grandpa."

## THAT CAT HAD PARESIS.

Removed to a Refined Home, Mike Yet Succumbed to Inherited Taint.

THIS is the true, marvellous and pathetic story of a cat, who, removed from evil surroundings to a happy home, died of paresis—a guileless victim of heredity.

Mike was born a Bowery kitten. His first impressions of home and mother were gained from the inside of a broken barrel in the cellar of a Hester street tenement. It was said in the neighborhood that he was the dead image of his father, who was known about town as a very tough cat.

He also inherited his father's temperament. It was this hereditary tendency that made his young life on the Bowery such a gay one. Wherever he was found, it was also said that he hovered in the vicinity of free lunches more than a respectable cat should, and that sometimes he had been known to devour more than the crumbs. The fact was that for a time he led the pace that Mike. But Mike was young, and his youth saved him temporarily.

One stormy night he wandered away from his old haunts. He left the gayly lighted, vulgar Bowery behind him. He went up town into the neighborhood of wealth. He had been drinking heavily. The quiet of the aristocratic street soothed him. It began to rain. Mike took in the situation in a glance. He was a practical cat, and he knew that in his present condition he could not safely find his way home. He decided to stay all night where he was.

There was a light on a doorstep not far from him which looked as if it might be soft and comfortable. It seemed as though it took him hours to reach it, but at last he curled himself up upon it and sank into a deep slumber.

One of New York's prominent lawyers was coming home late that night. He saw a wet, dejected looking little kitten curled up on his doorstep, and, remembering that the small girl who ruled his house had said only that morning that she would so much rather have a live pussy cat than a stupid dolly to play with, Mike was taken indoors. The next morning he was presented to the little girl and was declared to be the loveliest kitten in the world. Then began a life of ease and luxury for Mike. He had the softest of blankets for his bed, and the most carefully prepared food.

Rubber balls were given to him to play with, and a whole boxful of beautiful ribbons to be used as collars. And before he actually realized it himself he was transformed into an innocent pet kitten. The Bowery was forgotten, and it seemed as though he were another cat. He enjoyed being petted, and learned to purr like a respectable cat. He never thought of beer. He drank cream instead.

But blood will tell, and prosperity proved too much for Mike. Those who now mourn for him declare that fate was the beginning of his ruin, but Mike himself knew better. He realized that his present life was too great a tax upon his brain. No Bowery-born kitten could be content with

the humdrum existence that he was now leading. The monotony of his life was killing him.

It was useless for him to try longer playing the part of innocent kitten. He must break away from it all or die. Night and day this was his constant thought. It so preyed upon his mind that his actions were a bit queer. He would lie down to sleep, assuming the role of pet kitten, when suddenly he would be seized with an intense longing to go back to his old life and be once more a Bowery cat. This feeling would so affect Mike that without the slightest warning he would give two high springs into the air, land on his feet and then stand perfectly still for fully five minutes, gazing into space with a vacant stare.

At first these sudden jumps were only occasional occurrences. But before many days Mike was doing his acrobatic feat at regular intervals of every two hours. His appetite began to increase steadily, but it seemed as if he grew thinner every minute.

He worried his little mistress until she was actually ill, and with his sudden leaps into the air he frightened to death every servant in the house. The cook declared that it was the devil in him and that no house was big enough to hold both that crazy cat and herself. All the other servants were soon of the same opinion as the cook. The work was being neglected. Everything was in confusion, and still Mike jumped on.

The lawyer who discovered Mike went in haste for a veterinary surgeon. Mike was carefully examined and his actions related. He had never had a fit since he entered the house, and until this strange jumping had taken possession of him had been the best behaved of cats. But the veterinary surgeon pronounced him in the first stages of paresis and gave no hope of his recovery. For days he was under the doctor's care, but his jumps became more and more frequent and the vacant stare of his eyes more and more hopeless. The servants were about to leave in a body when an ambulance called at the door for Mike. It came from the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in response to a letter received from the lawyer who had presented Mike as a pet kitten to his little daughter. And while a tender-hearted little girl was sobbing as if her heart would break, Mike was packed into a willow basket. The cover was firmly fastened down. The door of the ambulance opened and shut, and then only the rumble of its wheels was heard down the street. The days of Mike, the pet kitten, were at an end.

But the original Mike of the Bowery was still alive. He felt suffocated and as if his brain were bursting. It seemed as if he were for days shut up in that frightful basket. But at last, after the ambulance had made its daily rounds, it drew up in front of the shelter for animals at the foot of One Hundred and Second street and the East River. Then men in uniform deposited basket after basket in the office of the vine-covered building, and Mike once again saw the light of day.

It was a strange place he was in now, and he hardly comprehended it all, owing to the pain in his head. He saw many cats about him, each in a wire cage. They seemed happy and contented, and he wondered if they had ever suffered as he had. Before he knew it Mike himself was in a cage.

What did he see before him? What had happened?

There was a great iron tank, the biggest thing he had ever beheld. Big cats and little cats were being put in the tank. Now he was going in.

The lid was down, the gas turned on, and Mike, another hopeless victim of heredity, was dead.

## Dogs as Friends and as Food of Man.

Darwin relates somewhere that when the inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego are pressed by famine they kill and eat their old women rather than their dogs, and that in Australia fathers will sacrifice their children in order that the mothers may be able to nourish this useful servant of man. The Chinese, however, send and fatten their dogs carefully—to eat. They also consider the cat a choice dish. At Peking and throughout China there is no dainty repast without its fillet or leg of dog; the cat is rather a dainty of the poorer classes.

History tells us that in early times the dog was always regarded as an edible animal. The inhabitants of certain nomads of Egypt plied embalmed their dead dogs, but others considered that it was more in conformity to the doctrines of a wise economy to kill and eat them. Plutarch tells us that the dwellers in gymnasia, where dogs were honored as divine, made war on the Oxyrinchi, who had committed the sacrilege of eating dogs.

In his book on Diet, Hippocrates, speaking of common articles of food, is of the opinion that the flesh of the dog gives heat and strength but is difficult of digestion. "Our fathers," says Pliny, "regarded small dogs as so pure a food that they used them for expository victims. Even today young dogs' flesh is served at feasts paid in honor of the gods."

The savages of North America, for lack of provisions, often sacrifice their companions of the chase. We are told that before the introduction of cattle the Spaniards in Mexico used the native dogs so freely as food that the species has now completely disappeared.

The Greenlanders and the Kachchians also sometimes eat their dogs, but only when reduced to this cruel extremity by famine. In Africa dogs form the food of certain negro tribes; in the Ashantee country the flesh is eaten both fresh and dried. And it appears that in the lower Congo region, among the Batckes, there is a custom that must make every friend of dumb beasts rage with indignation—before killing a dog for food it is maltreated and tortured, to make the flesh more tender.

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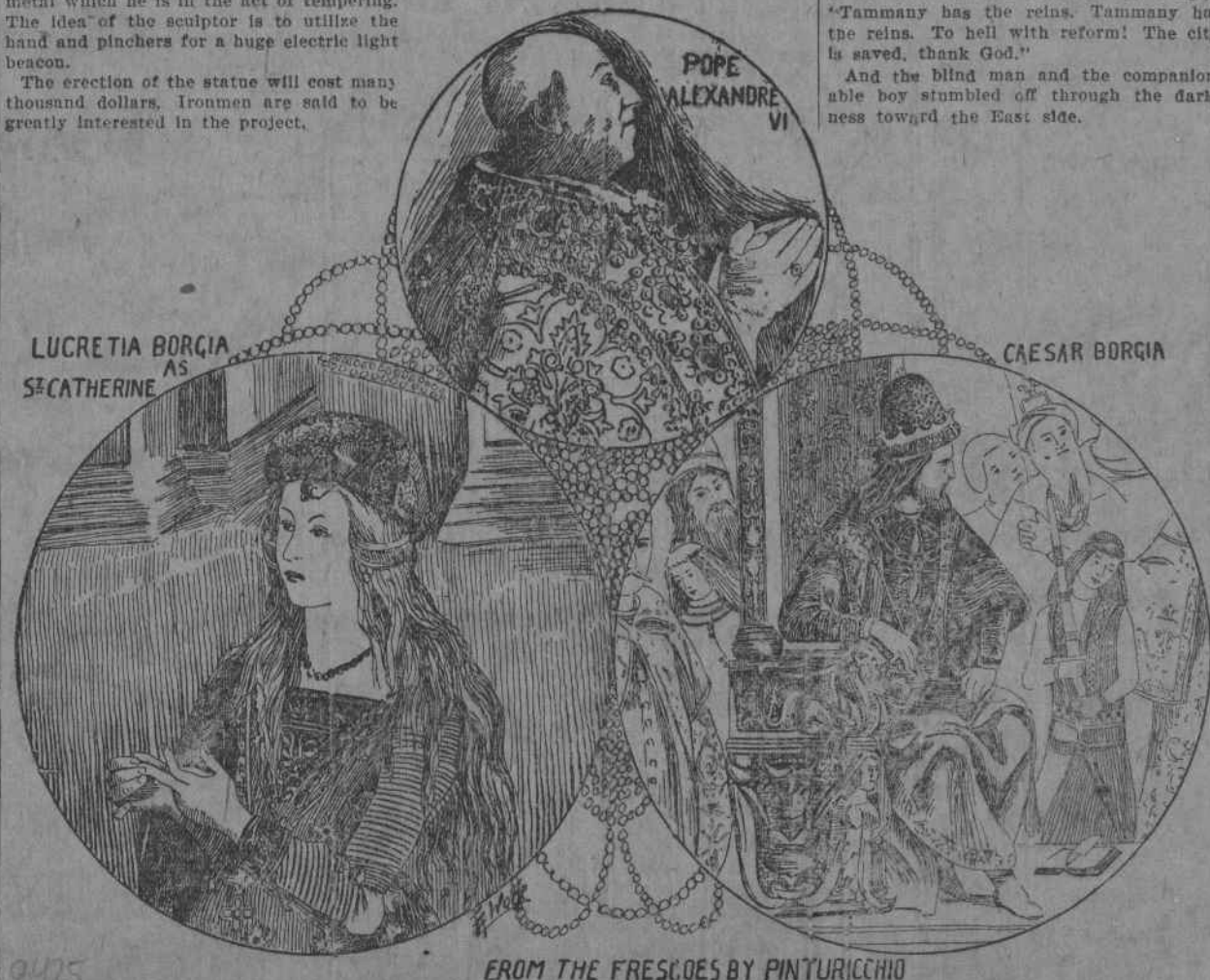
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